

# Something Has Survived

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Summary: Currently being updated. Black Mesa is demolished, the Black Operatives have pulled out, but the danger isn't over- Something has Survived. Deceit and eternal rest lurk in this building story.

## 1. Black Ops Evac

**\*\*The universe is not mine, it belongs to Sierra, Valve, all rights reservedâ€¦| blah blah blahâ€¦|\*\***

A/N:Â  So, yeahâ€¦| What can I say, I went to college, and I haven't had much time to do much of ANYTHING.Â  I still love Half life, and am dying for Half Life 2 to come out.Â  I went back and revised the original chapters, and now I'll be writing new chapters.Â  Any reviews or ideas/thoughts you may have for the story, feel free.Â  Happy new year.Â 

Something Has Survived

Chapter One: Black Operations Evac

Black Mesa

=== 20 minutes after Black Operations Evac ===

=== 2+ hours after Marine Evac ===

It was blown to hell, the dimensional gateway was closed, the scientists were dead, and the survivors were gone.Â  Any bodies that lay on the godforsaken earth in Black Mesa, lay under rubble.Â  Freeman and a few other personnel had escaped amid all the chaos, but it didn't matter.Â  The cover story had already been issued: nuclear reactor failure, fallout well containedâ€¦|

Trenton sat with his legs hanging out of the black helicopter, a solemn, slightly sad expression on his face.Â  He griped the black

mask in his hands, while he gazed out at the small mushroom cloud surrounding the sandy hills, illuminating them in red. Trenton was about 5 foot 11, with dark brown hair and a scar on his left cheek. Trenton let out a sigh: one of relief, and one of regret. "The package" had been delivered, and he had "served his country" as the commander had barked in the mission briefing.

"Do this not only for your own goddamn country, do this for yourselves, and the everyday American, do you honestly believe the public could handle the shit that has happened over the last few hours?"

The words echoed in Trenton's mind. "At least the mission is over," he thought as he looked at the other black helicopters moving behind. The other men in his squad were sitting in the rear of the helicopter, backs up against the walls, obviously exhausted. They had seen combat not only from marines, but from nightmarish creatures they had all been ordered to forget. The men gave each other only occasional glances, showing no camaraderie whatsoever. Everyone had a job to do, and no one gave a damn if a man was left behind.

Listening to his radio, he overheard a communication between one man, whom he recognized as the commander of this op, and another man, whose voice he didn't recognize.

"Yes sir, the objective was accomplished, we lost a little over half of our operatives in the process, but the mission was completed," the commander calmly replied over the radio static.

"Good work commander, you and your men have served your purpose nicely, now do be good enough to stay on standby for any residual problems we may have from this little incident"

"Sir," the commander responded, "I was told this would be one singular assignment, I don't thi

"You have your orders," the unfamiliar voice angrily interrupted, and then abruptly switched off.

Trenton stared at the radio for a few moments, then back up at the small mushroom cloud, still fading. "How could this mission get any worse."

## 2. Military Investigations

Trenton was lost in his thoughts; he didn't even hear the radio call out his name.

"Trenton, Trenton, come in, do you read?" The Commander's voice repeated.

"Sir?" Trenton said softly.

"Inform your squad that the helicopters will be changing course, and landing for a mission briefing."

"A new mission?" Trenton asked, the hairs on his neck beginning to stand on end.

"Yes" the commander continued, "Something has survived."

Trenton blinked, "Say again?"

"Something has survived."

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## Chapter Two: Military Investigations

Covert Operations Temporary Outpost - New Mexico Desert (Sector 3327)

=== 36 minutes after Black Operations Evac ===

The Commander slowly set down his radio, his hand wavering slightly.Â Commander John Ryan was a small stout man, with a gray buzz cut, and a well-trimmed mustache.Â Being in his early 50's, he had seen a lot of experience in the field, but nothing had prepared him or the operatives under his command for the situations they had just faced, and those they were about to.Â The Commander nervously paced back and forth inside a small army tent.Â Two armed guards stood outside, keeping watch over the desert.Â The sun was now setting over the hummers and tents, the light slowly fading from the small desert outpost.Â Ryan heard more guards patrolling outside, as he once again took a seat next to his desk to look over - one last time - the information Intelligence had sent him.Â

The Commander picked up a small tape recorder, and inserted a tape marked: "Black Mesa military radio transmissions" and pressed the play button.Â The static filled chatter screamed out over the quiet of the desert.

"\_Forget About Freeman! We are cutting our loses and pulling out, anyone left down there now is on his own, repeat, if you â€"\_ Ryan pressed the fast forward button, and pressed play after several seconds.Â

"\_-- sir this is goose 19, this is goose 19, the remains of Charlie group is on board and we are taking off 20 minutes before evac."\_

"\_Any wounded with you goose 19?" \_An older voice asked.

"\_Affirmative sir, we've got multiple wounded. Â Permission to take off?"\_

"\_permission granted, proceed toâ€"\_ \_Ryan pressed the fast forward button again. Â He played several more communications but found nothing else relating to his investigation.Â This didn't surprise him in the least, as in dealing with anything as highly classified as this he didn't expect a word of it on regular radio transmissions.

The Commander could now hear the black-ops helicopters approaching.Â Quickly taking a notepad off his desk; he scribbled two words on it.Â

"Gamma Team"

### 3. Dissension

#### Chapter Three: Dissension

Near Temporary Covert Operations Outpost - New Mexico Desert (Sector 3327)

=== 42 minutes after Black Operations Evac ===

Trenton could see the lights around the landing pads clearly now.Â From his vantage point inside the helicopter, he estimated they were but five minutes away.Â Some of the other men were becoming nervous, their uneasy faces illuminated by the red interior lights.

"Sir, what the hell is this?" one of the men in black asked Trenton.

"We're regrouping for another assignment," Trenton heard himself mutter.

"Fuck no man!" yelled a particularly angry soldier, by the name of Evans. "We barely pulled our asses out of Black Mesa, and now we're already on another mission?"

The squad's discord slowly grew.Â Their bickering concerned a range of things, from the men in charge, to the lack of sleep, and the lack of preparation.

"If you're supposed to be professionals, act like it." Trenton said in a calm, but very serious tone.Â Trenton sympathized with the other men, but he could not let himself, or any other man, lose perspective, or control.

Everyone's face froze, and only mere mumblings of discontent could be heard afterwards.

The sand was swept into the air in large circular patterns as the three helicopters made their final descent.Â Trenton felt the helicopter touch down on the soft desert sand, and motioned for his squad to grab their gear and exit.Â Trenton climbed out of the helicopter last, holding his mask in one hand and his rifle in the other.Â Climbing out, he slowly made his way toward the center of camp.

From the looks of things, base camp was made up of fourteen tents and five hummers.Â The base itself was lit by only three huge florescent lights hung up on poles around the camp.Â Armed guards could be seen walking all around the sandy ground of the camp.Â Trenton's attention was immediately drawn to an older looking man walking briskly across the camp.Â Even though the sun had set only minutes ago, he still recognized the only man who knew what was going on, Commander John Ryan.

The commander made his way to the center of the camp, and with a loud "Attention!" addressed the less than thirty men.

"Put your gear in those two tents over to your left," he pointed, and proceeded to shout, "rations are in those four tents to your right, if you need sleep, any available tents are yours.Â Eat, get rested, and report back here in one hour."

A few men replied, "Yes sir", but most simply nodded and proceeded towards the tents.Â Trenton approached the commander and saluted, Commander Ryan did the same.

"Alright Trenton, put up your gear and meet me in my tent in five minutes."

"Yes sir." Trenton said, "What's this all about?"

"Just meet me in five minutes," the Commander said, shaking his head and walking away as briskly as before.

#### 4. Briefing

##### Chapter Four: Briefing

Temporary Covert Operations Outpost - New Mexico Desert (Sector 3327)

Trenton stood next to two other men he'd never met before.Â He recognized them as squad leaders, but beyond that, he knew nothing about either of them.Â In this line of work he never made any friends and never saw any reassuring faces. Â They were all the same dark phantoms, shrouded in black masks.Â They went in, did the job, left the dead behind, and moved on.

The three men stood in a small tent, lit only by a single oil lamp sitting on a desk.Â Trenton noticed numerous files strewn across the desk, most of which contained the words "Classified" on them.

Commander Ryan came bursting into the tent, looking furious with anger, he eyed each of the men and grunted, "I just got off the horn with the man in charge of this op." Â Trenton's noted the fact that the Commander neglected to say who the 'man in charge' was.Â "I've been briefed, and now I am here to tell you what you need to know.Â Listen carefully Nyles, Trenton, and what's your name son?" Ryan asked the man standing farthest away from Trenton.

"Stevenson sir." A bald, African American man fervently answered in a deep voice.Â At around 6 feet tall, the man was very well built.

"Now you understand gentlemen," the Commander began, "that right now I am not officially congratulating you on surviving the Black Mesa mission. Â For the record, we are not currently at this location.Â Because, for the record, none of what you have experienced in the last day has officially transpired."

Trenton understood perfectly what he meant by this: Your discretion is what keeps you alive.

Commander Ryan paused, giving every man a stern look, and continued,

"However, off the record, \_technically\_ speaking, we have a new situation on our hands."

"We've lost contact with an airbase not far from here, not far from Black Mesa. Â Not a word for five hours.Â Your job, Â investigation."

\_"That's it?"\_ Trenton frantically thought to himself, the Commander's previous words still burning into his mind: \_SOMETHING HAS SURVIVED\_.

"Marines involved in the Black Mesa cleanup operation were flown out to this airbase a few hours prior to our incursion.Â Go there, see if there is a problem, report back what you find."

\_"Bullshit!"\_ Trenton's thoughts were racing now, and he could tell the commander saw the frustration in his eyes.

"You getting this, Trenton?" The Commander stared almost wide-eyed, revealing to Trenton frustration of his own.

"Yes," Trenton nodded.Â

"We don't know what to expect, so treat this as hostile territory.Â Your squads will be going in under cover of night so night vision goggles will be needed as well."

"What does Intelligence think it might be sir?" Nyles, a young looking man with sandy blonde hair, asked.

"We don't deal it might's, got it!? We have to know exactly what happened, it \_might\_ be nothing, or it \_might\_ be something, understood?" The commander snapped at a suddenly ferocious volume.

"Yesâ€| yes sir" Nyles responded, visibly shaken by the sudden outburst.

Trenton couldn't bare this; he could feel there was something the commander wanted to tell them, but couldn't.

"Locate and interrogate the highest ranking officer on the base, should be a man by the name of General Luke Jenkins."Â A photo was then passed around.Â A gray haired man, at about retirement age as Trenton guessed, stared up at him with dark, sunken eyes.

"If anyone on the base acts as or is determined by any operative to be a threat, they are to be neutralized immediately. Â Only if they are a threat, got it, gentlemen?"

"Yes sir," the three men replied, almost in unison.

"You'll be armed with Carbines, however, I want the most experienced in heavy weapons on each squad to take a SAW.Â All of you will carry a full load of clips, and a full pack of fragmentation grenades." Â The commander said this very precisely, as if their lives depended on it.

\_"This is all wrong, this isn't how we operateâ€|"\_ Trenton's mind

was under a barrage of doubts, "I know it, they know it, and the commander knows it."

"You three will keep in almost constant radio contact for the entire mission, I'll be monitoring you by satellite, and giving orders from this command post."

Commander Ryan proceeded to give a small, black and white satellite photo of the base to each of the three men. It looked to Trenton as though this was a rather small air base, with one large building, and five smaller ones, all resting next to two large airstrips. Each one was labeled 'hangar', 'barracks #1', etc.

"Three squads are going in on this mission; you and your operatives have been selected for your outstanding performance in the Black Mesa mission. I EXPECT the same professionalism here." The Commander pointed, "Nyles, you're squad is designated Alpha, Trenton you're Beta, and Stevenson, Charlie."

The Commander seemed to be rushing himself, dishing out orders as fast as possible. "Nyles, your team runs recon on barracks #1, then the armory." Commander Ryan turned to Stevenson, "Your team will check out the three ospreys still on the air field, and then go for barracks #2, and then the generator building. Trenton, your team goes to the hangar, then heads for the administration building."

Trenton could feel the urgency in Commander Ryan's voice, the underlying fear, covered by his gruff military stature.

"As I said before, treat this as hostile territory, I want every man out there to be on his guard."

Trenton's gaze began to wane from the commander to the pile of folders and papers on his desk. His eyes were drawn to a notepad lying on top. The small, white notepad had two words written on it: Gamma Team.

"Was this another team being sent in, why hadn't the commander briefed them on it?"

"Each of you will give your squad a full and complete briefing, tell them everything they need to know, got it?" Ryan shouted at the men.

"Yes sir,"

"Dismissed." Ryan barked, sounding just as enraged as when he had begun.

Nyles and Stevenson left the tent, leaving only Trenton and his Commander. Trenton stood, looking directly at the commander, waiting for some answers to the questions that plagued his mind.

"I said, Dismissed." Commander Ryan growled, almost under his breath.

Trenton obeyed, shook his head, and left the tent as quickly as possible.

The Commander stood alone, almost perfectly still.Â Without warning he hit the top of the desk with his fist, the pain rushing up his arm, he shouted, "Damn!"

## 5. Apprehension

### Chapter Five: Apprehension

Temporary Covert Operations Outpost - New Mexico Desert (Sector 3327)

=== 10 minutes until helicopter liftoff ===

The seven men in Trenton's squad all sat next to the side of a black, unmarked helicopter, the very one that would be airlifting them to the drop-zone in under ten minutes.Â Only a small amount of pail, artificial light fell onto the silent operatives. Â Most of the men stayed quiet through the briefing, keeping whatever worries they had to themselves; Evans, however, could always be counted on.

"Recon mission? You've gotta be shitting me, sending in this many for recon, that isn't how it's done, and you know it!"

"Evans," Trenton said, with as much patience as he could gather.

"Yea?" he sneered, his blue eyes and wavy black hair becoming visible as he peered out from the beneath the shadows.

"Shut up."

Evans gave him an angry expression, looked away, and proceeded to load the SAW he held in his lap.

"Great, the hothead gets the heavy machine gun." Trenton heard a man sitting a few feet away remark.Â He couldn't make out his face due to the darkness, and it didn't really matter.Â He didn't even know all of these men's names; he had only been grouped with them right before the Black Mesa mission

"Put on your masks and goggles while on descent," Trenton addressed the men, "Once there, stay in radio contact, but keep it quiet. Â You know the drill."

The men nodded, all except for Evans, who was trying to make it very obvious he wasn't listening.

Trenton paused for what seemed like ages, silently debating what he was going to say next, what he was going to tell themâ€|

\_"Tell them what they need to knowâ€|\_"

\_"Something has Survivedâ€|\_"

Trenton cleared his throat, speaking with more volume and emotion than he had for the entire briefing.Â Everyone took notice of this, staring up at him with signs of apprehension as Trenton's voice began to waiver slightly.



"I have, a bad feeling about thisâ€¦ I don't know what the other squads are being toldâ€¦ but you, be ready for anythingâ€¦ that'sâ€¦ that's all."

Everyone nodded at this; all showing signs of the same uncertainty that Trenton himself felt in the mission they were about to undertake.Â Black Operatives were always given elaborate briefings, told all secrets, all knowledge pertaining to the mission.Â But this was different, and everyone around Trenton knew it.

"Alright, gear up. Â Be ready in five minutes."

## 6. Drop Zone

### Chapter Six: Drop Zone

Nearing Drop Zone - New Mexico Desert (Sector 3467)

=== 5 minutes till insertion ===

The cool desert wind blew into the open helicopter door, while Trenton's eyes took in the dark ground as it slowly passed below him, more than 70 feet below.Â Chills ran down his spine as he tried to imagine what awaited them.Â He couldn't be sure what the other men were feeling.Â They knew as much what approached them as he did.

\_"If anyone on the base acts as or is determined by any operative to be a threat, they are to be neutralized immediately"\_.Â \_

"We're approaching the drop zone now, lock and load!" Trenton shouted above the ear-defining sounds of the spinning helicopter blades.Â All around the cabin guns were loaded as the men prepared for the drop

The helicopter pilot looked back at Trenton and nodded, signaling that they were on their descent.

"Night vision."

Trenton looked to see some friendly pats on the back, but saw nothing.Â These men took no pride, and certainly no honor in what they were doing anymore.Â Deep down, in the dark recesses of Trenton's soul, he knew that he was the same.

"Alright, remember the plan," Trenton yelled, looking out the windows to see the shapes of several buildings, "keep a tight formation, one trip around the hangar, then we make entry."

Even though the base's lights were completely off, the shapes of the different buildings were very visible now, roughly 40 feet below them.Â

Trenton's adrenal glands were on overdrive, secreting his natural fight or flight impulses.Â Well controlled after years of training, but still an ever-present force inside his body.

"I will see you on the desert floorâ€¦"

"I am  
point-man."

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Well hidden behind a barracks building, a lone marine, covered in blood and limping on his tattered left leg, peered out over the darkened base. He looked in horror as, silhouetted over the full moon, three dark helicopters approached, and eight men rappelled down from each of them.

"Shit! Shit! Shit," the young marine muttered under his breath.

"What? What is it?! Who are they?!" the radio hanging on his BDU jacket shrieked.

"Sir!" the man's bloody hand held the radio up to his face, "We've got hostiles."

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Trenton hit the ground hard, but kept his balance almost perfectly. The sand sliding beneath his boots, he ran to join formation with the others, all stationed on the southeast corner of the hangar building. He hardly noticed the other teams as they made their own descents, as he hardly noticed the helicopters hastily evacuating the area.

"Quick perimeter sweep," Trenton whispered over his tac-radio - mounted snugly inside of his mask.

Without any remark his squad took a tight formation behind him and, step by step, made their way around the hangar, all the while on the lookout.

"It's so quiet..." Trenton heard one man mutter over the radio.

And it was. Aside from the soft sound of combat boots running through sand, the base was extremely silent.

Reaching the side entrance of the hangar, Trenton gave a quick survey of the surrounding base. Even with the night vision goggles, the empty base looked more like a ghost town than an army base. All the buildings looked completely undamaged from the outside. Further in the background, Charlie team was visible quietly checking the three ospreys, sitting still as death on the runway.

"No sign of anyone in or around the runway," a voice that Trenton recognized as Stevenson said, "What's your status Alpha, Beta?"

Trenton's tactical-radio was programmed so that he could communicate with everyone on his team, and also switch to secure radio channels to check in with Nyles, Stevenson, and even Commander Ryan.

"We! we just did a quick check around the barracks, perimeter secure," Nyles nervously replied.

"Situation normal, exterior hangar secure." Trenton heard himself mumble into his radio.

"- prepare to make entry, keep this thing tight and by the book," Commander Ryan cut in.

"\_What an odd choice of words to use\_", Trenton's mind wandered.Â In what they were doing it was quite obvious: there\_ was no \_'book'.

"Uh, sir," Stevenson's voice crackled over the radio static, "we checked out the three ospreys on the runwayâ€|"

Stevenson continued, "Two of them are fine, but- sir, the thirdâ€|"

"Yes?" the commander impatiently responded.

"The osprey's cabin is almost completely covered in blood."

## 7. Incursion

A/N:Â So yeah here's a new chapter, I hope you like it.

### Chapter Seven: Incursion

Military Airbase - New Mexico Desert (Sector 3467)

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For what seemed like several minutes, there was nothing but silence from the Commander's end. Then, very slowly, he replied, "Understood...everyone stay sharp."

\_"That's all you have to say?"\_

Trenton could barely keep his mind on the world around him. This mission was taking a turn for the worse every second they stood there. Across the base, Stevenson and Nyles were thinking the same thing.

"Trenton, make your way into the hangar, Nyles and Stevenson, head to the barracks."

All three of them took their orders and moved on, their minds still stuck on the image of an airplane's cabin caked wall to wall with blood.

"Okay, tight formation, prepare for entry on the east side of the hangar," Trenton whispered into his radio.

The seven men followed behind him, their rifles aimed in all directions, cautiously watching their surroundings. Trenton's slammed his backup against the hard metal wall, the door next to him. Without one word the man behind him pulled out a small welding torch and proceeded to melt the lock. Finishing, he looked up at Trenton and nodded. In one swift motion, the man opened the door, Trenton rushed inside with four operatives behind him, leaving one to cover the opening.

Inside, the hangar was almost pitch black. While there had been some moonlight outside, inside there was nothing. Under the night vision goggles, Trenton could make out the green shapes of boxes, two F-18s, and the shape of something he couldn't quite make out, near the Northwest corner of the building.

Without saying a word, Trenton and his team began clearing the hangar. The men under his command had no camaraderie outside of combat, but when in combat their years of experience became apparent. Executing the clearing perfectly, a rifle pointed in every direction, the black operatives moved through the hangar with lightning speed.

Through the soft radio static, Trenton heard four men whisper "Clear". It was all over. Trenton approached what three other men were standing over. Lifting up his night vision goggles, he saw what the flashlight on his rifle illuminated: a pile of at least seven dead bodies.

All of the bodies didn't look like they had been dead for very long, the blood was visibly moist, and the smell was difficult to bear.

"Marines..." Trenton muttered.

One of the operatives walked over through the blackness. It was Evans.

"Whew, damn!" Evans remarked, "Oh, dead marines, shit, that's just great,"

"Look at their skin..." Another man spoke.

Trenton looked closer. The bodies were so covered in blood it was difficult to discern that they were even wearing camouflage but he could see that where the clothing was ripped, it looked almost as though the underlying tissue had taken on a mind of its own. It bulged and ripped through the skin all over the visible body. One man's face stared blankly up at Trenton, the bones of his face having torn themselves through the skin in several places. The man had a single bullet hole in his forehead.

After what he had seen at Black Mesa, Trenton couldn't really call anything he saw "surprising", but this was disturbing, nonetheless.

"Why would they pile up the bodies here, were they in some kind of rush?"

"His jawbone had grown out of his face"

Trenton's mind was a maze of questions. Once again, he made himself put his mind back on the mission at hand. He wasn't paid to think.

"Commander Ryan, Sir," Trenton addressed his CO.

"Trenton?" Ryan replied.

"Hangar is clear sir; we found a pile of dead marines in the corner, their bodies are sort of... misshapen," Trenton reported, "No hostiles yet."

"Understood, proceed with extreme caution," The Commander responded.

"Yes sir," Trenton said, "Stevenson, hangar's clear, how're you doing?"

"Clearing barracks number two," Trenton could hear him whisper over the radio.

"How about you, Nyles?"

"Nyles?" Trenton tried again.

"Nyles?"  
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End  
file.